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LESSONS

FOR

CHILDREN,

OF

THREE YEARS OLD.

PART I.

DUBLIN:

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BRITISH MUSEUM

LESSONS

FOR CHILDREN,

OF THREE YEARS OLD.

GOOD morrow, little boy! how do you do? Bring your little ſtool, and ſit down by me, for I have a great deal to tell you.

I hope you have been a good boy, and read all the pretty words I wrote for you before. You have, you ſay; You have read them till you are tired, and you want ſome more new leſſons. Come then, ſit down. Now you and I will tell ſtories.

What is to day, Charles?

To day is Sunday.

And what is to morrow?

To morrow will be Monday.

And what will the next day be?

The next day will be Tuesday.

And the next day?

Wedneſday.

And the next?

Thurſday.

And the next?

Friday.

And the next?

Saturday.

And what will come after Saturday?

Why then, Sunday will come again.

Sunday, Monday, Tueſday, Wedneſday, Thurſday, Friday, Saturday. That makes ſeven days, and ſeven days make

A week.

And do you know how much four weeks make?

How much?

A month. And twelve months make a year---January, February, March, April, May, June, July, Auguſt, September, October, November, December.

It is January. It is very cold. It snows. It freezes. There are no leaves upon the trees. The oil is frozen, and the milk is frozen, and the river is frozen, and every thing.

All the boys are sliding. You must learn to slide. There

is a man ſkaiting. How faſt he goes! You ſhall have a pair of ſkates. Take care! there is a hole in the ice. Come in. It is four o'clock. It is dark. Light the candles; and Ralph! get ſome wood from the wood-houſe, and get ſome coals, and make a very good fire.

February is very cold too, but the days are longer, and there is a yellow crocus coming up, and the mezereon tree is in bloſſom, and there are ſome white ſnow-drops peeping up their little heads. Pretty white ſnow-drop, with

a green ſtalk! May I gather it? Yes, you may, but you muſt always aſk leave before you gather a flower. What a noiſe the rooks make! Caw, caw, caw; and how buſy they are! They are going to build their neſts. There is a man ploughing the field.

It is March. Now the wind blows! It will blow ſuch a little fellow as you away, almoſt. There is a tree blown down.

Here are ſome young lambs. Poor things! how they creep under the hedge. What is this flower? A primroſe.

April is come, and the birds ſing, and the trees are in bloſſom, and flowers are coming out, and butterflies, and the ſun ſhines. Now it rains. It rains and the ſun ſhines. There is a rain-

bow. O what fine colours! Pretty bright rain-bow! No, you cannot catch it, it is in the ſky. It is going away. It fades. it is quite gone. I hear the cuckow. He ſays, cuckow! cuckow! He is come to tell us it is ſpring.

It is May. O pleaſant May! Let us walk out in the fields. The hawthorn is in bloſſom. Let us go and get ſome out of the hedges. And here are daiſies, and cowſlips, and crow-flowers. We will make a noſegay. Here is a bit of thread to tie

it with. Smell! It is very ſweet. What has Billy got? He has got a neſt of young birds. He has been climbing a high tree for them. Poor little birds! they have no feathers. Keep them warm. You muſt feed them with a quill. You muſt give them bread and milk. They

are young goldfinches. They will be very pretty, when they have got their red head and yellow wings. Do not let them die. The little birds, papa and mamma will be very ſorry if they come to die. O do not eat green gooſe-berries! they will make you ill.

June is come. Get up! you muſt not lie ſo long in bed now; you muſt get up, and walk before breakfaſt. What noiſe is that? It is the mower ſharpening his ſcythe. He is going to cut down the graſs. And will

he cut down all the flowers too? Yes, every thing. The ſcythe is very ſharp. Do not come near it; you will have your legs cut off. Now we muſt make hay. Where is your fork, and rake? Spread the hay. Now make it up in cocks. Now tumble on the hay cock. There!

cover him up with hay. How ſweet the hay ſmells! O, it is very hot! No matter; you muſt make hay while the ſun ſhines. You muſt work well. See, all the lads and laſſes are at work. They muſt have ſome beer, and bread, and cheeſe. Now put the hay in the cart. Will

you ride in the cart? Huzza! Hay is for papa's horſe to eat in winter, when there is no graſs.

Do you love ſtrawberries and cream? Let us go then, and gather ſome ſtrawberries. They are ripe now. Here is a very large one. It is almoſt too big to go into

your mouth. Get me a bunch of currants. Strip them from the ſtalk. The birds have pecked all the cherries. Where is Charles? He is ſitting under a roſe-buſh.

July is very hot indeed, and the grafs and flowers are all burnt, for it has not rained a great while. You muft water your garden, elfe the plants will die. Where is the watering-pot? Let us go under the trees. It is

ſhady there, it is not ſo hot. Come into the arbour. There is a bee upon the honeyſuckle. He is getting honey. He will carry it to the hive. Will you go and bathe in the water? Here is water. It is not deep. Pull off your cloaths. Jump in. Do not be afraid. Pop your head in.

Now you have been long enough. Come out, and let me dry you with this towel.

It is Auguſt. Let us go into the corn fields to ſee if the corn is almoſt ripe. Yes, it is quite brown: it is ripe. Farmer Diggory! you muſt bring a ſharp ſickle and cut down the corn; it is ripe. Eat ſome, Charles; rub it

in your hands. This is a grain of corn; this is an ear of corn; this ſtalk makes ſtraw. Now it muſt be tied up in ſheaves. Now put a great many ſheaves together, and make a ſhock. Put it in the cart, farmer Diggory! carry it to your barn to make bread. Sing harveſt home!

harveſt home! There is a poor old woman, picking up ſome ears of corn; and a poor little girl that has no cloaths, hardly. They are gleaning. Give them your handful, Charles. Take it, poor woman! it will help to make you a loaf. Poor woman! ſhe is very old, ſhe

cannot run; ſhe is ſadly tired with ſtooping.

It is Sptember. Hark! ſomebody is letting off a gun. They are ſhooting the poor birds. Here is a bird dropped down juſt at your feet. It is all bloody. Poor thing! how

it flutters. Its wing is broke. It cannot fly any further. It is going to die. What bird is it? It is a partridge. Are you not ſorry, Charles? it was alive a little while ago.

Bring the ladder, and ſet it againſt the tree. Now bring a baſket. We muſt gather apples. No, you

cannot go up the ladder; you muſt have a little baſket, and pick up apples under the tree. Shake the tree. Down they come. How many have you got? We will have an apple dumpling. Come, you muſt help to carry the apples into the apple chamber. Apples make cyder. You ſhall

have ſome baked pears and bread for ſupper. Are theſe apples? No, they are quinces, they will make marmalade.

October is come, Charles; and the leaves are falling off the trees; and the flowers are all gone. No, here is an African marygold, and a China-after, and a Michaelmas daisy. Will you have any nuts? Fetch the nut-crackers. Peel this walnut.

I will make you a little boat of the walnut-ſhell. We muſt get the grapes, or elſe the birds will eat them all. Here is a bunch of black grapes. Here is a bunch of white ones. Which will you have? Grapes make wine.

What bird have you got there? It is dead, but it is

very pretty. It has a ſcarlet eye, and red, and green and purple feathers. It is very large. It is a pheaſant. He is very good to eat. We will pull off his feathers and tell Betty Cook to roaſt him. Here is a hare too. Poor puſs! The hounds did catch her.

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Dark diſmal November is come. No more flowers! no more hay-making! The ſky is very black; the rain pours down. Well, never mind it. We will ſit by the fire, and read, and tell

ſtories, and look at pictures. Where is Billy, and Harry, and little Betſy? Now tell me who can ſpell beſt. Good boy! There is a clever fellow! Now you ſhall all have ſome cake.

It is December, and Chriſtmas is coming, and Betty is very buſy. What is ſhe doing? She is paring apples, and chopping meat, and beating ſpice. What for, I wonder! It is to

make mince-pies. Do you love mince-pies? O they are very good! Little boys come from ſchool at Chriſtmas. Pray wrap them up warm, for it is very cold. Well, Spring will come again ſometime.

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How many fingers have you got, little boy?

Here are four fingers on this hand; and what is this? Thumb. Four fingers and thumb, that makes five. And how many on the other hand?

There are five too.

What hand is this?

This is the right hand.

And this? This is the left hand.

And how many toes have you got? Let us count.

Five upon this foot, and five upon this foot.

Five and five makes ten:

ten fingers and ten toes.

How many legs have you?

Here is one, and here is another. Charles has two legs.

How many legs has a horſe?

A horſe has four legs.

And how many has a dog?

Four; and a cow has four; and a ſheep has four; and puſs has four legs.

And how many legs have the chickens?

Go and look.

The chickens have only two legs.

And the linnets, and the robins, and all the birds, have only two legs.

But I will tell you what birds have got; they have

got wings to fly with, and they fly very high in the air.

Charles has no wings.

No, becauſe Charles is not a bird.

Charles has got hands. Cows have no hands, and birds have no hands.

Have birds teeth? No, they have no teeth.

How do they eat their victuals then?

Birds have got a bill. Look at the chickens, they pick up the corn in their little bills. See how fast they pick it up.

Charles's mouth is soft; the chicken's bill is hard like bone.

How many legs have fiſhes?

Fiſhes have no legs at all.

How do they walk then?

They do not walk; they ſwim about in the water; they live always in the water.

Charles could not live under the water.

No, becauſe Charles is not a fiſh.

Here is a fiſh that ſomebody has caught. Poor little fiſh! throw it on the graſs. See how it flounces about! It has a hook in its gills. Take it by the tail. it is ſlippery, you cannot hold it.

See, theſe are fins. It has got fins to ſwim with; and it has got ſcales, and ſharp teeth. It will be dead ſoon. It is going to die. It cannot ſtir any more. Now it is quite dead. The fiſh dies becauſe it is out of the water, and Charles would die if he was in the water.

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What has Charles got to keep him warm?

Charles has got a frock and warm petticoats.

And what have the poor ſheep got; have they petticoats?

The ſheep have got wool,

thick warm wool. Feel it. O, it is very comfortable! That is their petticoat.

And what have horſes got?

Horſes have got long hair; and cows have hair.

And what have birds got?

Birds have got feathers; ſoft, clean, ſhining feathers.

Birds build neſts in trees; that is their houſe.

The wolf has a den; that is his houſe.

The dog has a kennel.

The bees live in a hive.

The pigs live in a ſtye.

Can you climb a tree?

No.

But you muſt learn then.

As ſoon as you have breeches you muſt learn to climb trees.

Aſk puſs to teach you; ſhe can climb. See, how faſt ſhe climbs! She is at the top. She wants to catch birds. Pray puſs do not take the little birds that ſing ſo merrily! She has got a

ſparrow in her mouth. She has eat it all up. No, here are two or three feathers on the ground all bloody. Poor ſparrow.

The dog barks. The hog grunts. The pig ſqueaks. The horſe neighs. The cock

crows. The aſs brays. The cat purrs. The kitten mews. The bull bellows. The cow lows. The calf bleats. Sheep bleat. The lion roars. The wolf howls. The tyger growls. The fox barks. Mice ſqueak. The Frog croaks. The ſparrow chirps. The ſwallow twitters. The rook caws.

The bittern booms. The pigeon coos. The turkey gobbles. The peacock ſcreams. The beetle hums. The graſshopper chirps. The duck quacks. The gooſe cackles. Monkeys chatter. The owl hoots. The ſcreech-owl ſhrieks. The ſnake hiſſes. Charles talks.

Kites and hawks eat chickens.

Spiders make cobwebs; they catch flies in them and eat them up.

Owls fly in the night.

Butchers kill ſheep.

The carpenter makes tables and boxes.

You ſhall have a box, with a lock and a key to it.

The carpenter has a ſaw, and a chiſel, and a plane, and an adze, and a gimblet, and a turn-ſcrew, and a hatchet, and a file, and a vice, and pincers, and a hammer, and nails, and a mallet.

Charles's wooden horſe is broke.

Well, take it to the carpenter's; let him mend it.

Charles has fallen down and broke his head.

Shall I take it to the carpenter's.

No, ſilly boy! Carpenters do not mend heads.

Shoe-makers make ſhoes.

Old people wear ſpectacles.

Good boys love to read.

The barber ſhaves.

Come papa! ſit down; you muſt have your beard ſhaved.

Here is the ſoap, and the baſon, and the razor.

Barber, do not cut papa.

Shall we go into the garden, and ſee the flowers, and the apple trees, and run about in the gravel walk?

Where is your roller? Come roll the walk.

Work well, and perhaps I may give you a halfpenny a day. Every body works, but little babies; they cannot work.

If you are a good boy, you ſhall have a little garden of your own, and a ſpade to

dig with, and a hoe, and a rake, and a little wheelbarrow; and pray do not let me ſee any weeds in your garden; pull them all up. And you muſt make a little hedge about it, elſe the pigs will get in and ſpoil it. And you muſt go to the gardener, and ſay, pray give me ſome

ſeeds; and you muſt ſow them. You muſt make a little hole in the ground, and put them in, and cover them up with mould, and they will grow. Here is ſome creſs and muſtard ſeed. Sow it, and we will have a ſallad. Water your garden. Charles, look at this gooſeberry buſh;

it was but ſo high when we put it in the ground, and now it is a great deal taller; it is ſo high.

The gooſeberry buſh grows.

Does Charles grow?

Yes; Charles could not reach the table once, and now he can reach higher a great deal.

Is the table taller than it was a great while ago?

No; the table does not grow.

Why does not the table grow, Charles?

Here is a lady-bird upon a leaf. It is red and has black ſpots. Ah! it has wings. It is flown away. There is a black beetle. Catch it. How faſt it runs! Where is it gone? Into the ground. It makes a little

hole and runs into the ground. Worms live in the ground.

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It is cold, Charles, very cold! Pray what do they call it when it is ſo cold? They call it winter, you

know. I wonder what poor little boys do, that have no fire to go to, and no ſhoes and ſtockings to keep them warm, and no good papas and mammas to take care of them and give them victuals. Poor little boys! Do not cry, Charles, for here is a halfpenny, and when

you ſee one of thoſe poor little boys you ſhall give it him: he will go and buy a roll with it, for he is very hungry; and he will ſay, Thank you Charles, you are very good to me!

I will tell you what, Charles; it will be a great deal colder ſoon, and ſnow

will come down. Then the pretty little robins will come and fly againſt the windows. Open the window. Well, what do you want, little robin? Only a few crumbs of bread. Give him ſome crumbs and he will hop, hop, about the parlour, and ſit upon the

top of the ſcreen, and ſing; O he will ſing all day long! Now pray do not let that wicked cat take him. No, puſs! you muſt go and catch mice, you ſhall not eat poor robin. There was a cruel naughty boy once---I will tell you a ſtory about him,

There was a naughty boy; I do not know what his name was, but it was not Charles, nor George, nor Arthur, for thoſe are all very pretty names: but there was a robin came in at his window one very cold morn-

ing---ſhiver---ſhiver, and its poor little heart was almoſt frozen to death. And he would not give it the leaſt little crumb of bread in the world, but pulled it about by the tail, and hurt it ſadly, and it died. Now a little while after the naughty boy's papa and mamma went away and

left him; and then he could get no victuals at all, for you know he could not take care of himſelf. So he went about to every body---Pray give me ſomething to eat, I am very hungry. And every body ſaid, No, we ſhall give you none, for we do not love cruel naughty

boys. So he went about from one place to another, till at laſt he got into a thick wood of trees, for he did not know how to find his way any where; and then it grew dark, quite dark night. So he ſat down and cried ſadly; and he could not get out of the wood; and I believe

the bears came and eat him up in the wood, for I never heard any thing about him afterwards.

I will tell you another ſtory.

There was a little boy; he was not a big boy, for if he had been a big boy I ſuppoſe he would have been wiſer; but this was a little boy, not higher than the table, and his papa and mamma ſent him to ſchool: It was a very pleaſant morning;

the ſun ſhone, and the birds ſung in the trees. Now this little boy did not much love his book, for he was but a ſilly little boy as I told you; and he had a great mind to play inſtead of going to ſchool. And he ſaw a bee flying about, firſt upon one flower and then upon

another; ſo he ſaid, Pretty bee! will you come and play with me? But the bee ſaid, No, I muſt not be idle, I muſt go and gather honey. Then the little boy met a dog, and he ſaid, Dog! will you play with me? But the dog ſaid, No, I muſt not be idle, I am going to catch

a hare for my maſter's dinner, I muſt make haſte and catch it. Then the little boy went by a hay-rick, and he ſaw a bird pulling ſome hay out of the hay-rick, and he ſaid Bird! will you come and play with me? But the bird ſaid, No, I muſt not be idle, I muſt get ſome hay to build

my neſt with, and ſome moſs, and ſome wool. So the bird flew away. Then the little boy ſaw a horſe, and he ſaid, Horſe! will you play with me? But the horſe ſaid, No, I muſt not be idle, I muſt go and plough, or elſe there will be no corn to make bread of. Then the

little boy thought with himſelf, what, is no body idle? then little boys muſt not be idle neither. So he made haſte, and went to ſchool, and learned his leſſon very well, and the maſter ſaid he was a very good boy.

Farewell! good night.

THE END.

Juſt Publiſhed,

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